

old house with the gate off the hinges and felt impelled to go in, but passed on a half square. Suddenly she wheeled around, went in at the open gate, knocked at the door and in reply to a glad "Come in," found an old, paralyzed woman in bed. The woman said, "Oh, thank God, you have come at last! My daughter forgot to put the water by me when she went to the factory this morning, and I am suffering so that I've been praying for an hour for somebody to come in."

I can give you the name of the lady who had this experience if you wish it. She could tell you of many other leadings, because she continues to heed the voice.

The old Jews believed in the voice of the Spirit. The Maccabees believed in it. They called it the Bathkol. To every Christian who will quietly and prayerfully listen for it, will come the Bathkol; not audibly, but in the stillness of his presence, the Spirit would teach us what to pray for and how to pray.

Do we not have the commands, "Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, keep not silence," and "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest," and are we not by prayer to hold up the hands of those already sent?

During the Boxer rebellion one of our missionaries in China received information that she would be killed that day and the mission property destroyed. She committed herself to God and felt that death was near, but, on opening the Year Book of Prayer, she found her name was the one for that day and realized that in the Southern Presbyterian Church a volume of prayer was being offered in her behalf, and a sweet assurance of perfect safety possessed her. The enemy came, fagots were piled against the house in readiness for burning, only the touching of the torch was needed; but suddenly, without apparent reason, the officer in charge signalled his men and they marched away. Is not this foolishness to the natural man? And there are Christians who have learned so little of real communion with God that to them, too, it was good luck or chance! Do we not need to say, "Lord, teach us to pray"? How else shall we be fellow-helpers to the truth? Some time ago, in the Evangel, I read of a young lady who told her pastor she was thoroughly discouraged about a friend; she had prayed so earnestly and the friend still seemed so far from God. The minister replied, "Have you ever talked to her on the subject yourself?" "No." "God works by agencies," he said. "Many of our prayers are thrown away because they are really thus: 'O God, save that soul. I know you work through human means, so use somebody, Lord, but not me. O Lord, feed hungry souls, but use somebody else's money, Lord, to send them the bread of life not mine.' Now, suppose you pray, 'Lord help me to bring that soul to Christ.'"

When the minister met this young lady again she said, "Oh, it was so easy! She was just waiting and longing for some one to talk to her, and now she is so happy in Christ!"

So we may influence those within our reach by living the Christ life before them, by talking to them, after we have prayed for guidance; by praying with them sometimes, and we may influence those who

are far, far away by our prayer telepathy just as truly, just as surely, as we can, the near ones. It must all be of God, and the heart that is emptied of uncharitable, unforgiving thoughts, of hard feelings, of every form of self-love, is the strongest battery, and can send its prayer-current with a force that is sometimes almost a shock, a force that will lead under the Spirit to conviction and conversion.

How can we tell when the missionary needs our prayers most? He is subject to like temptations as we are; he has not the support of a Christian atmosphere around him. Satan is ever vigilant, ever trying to dishearten God's workers; and surely there is much in the heathen lands to dishearten them. May we say, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you"; not just against self, in failing to get the strength and growth that comes from the exercise of our spiritual powers; not just against our missionaries in failing to hold up their hands, but against our God, because by our neglect we fail to do our part toward the bringing in of his kingdom.

Let us try to say from our hearts:

O Thou my blessed High Priest, accept the consecration in which my soul now would respond to Thy message.

I believe in the Holy Priesthood of Thy Saints, and that I too am a priest, with power to appear before the Father, and in the prayer that avails much, bring down blessing on the perishing around me.

I believe in the POWER OF THY PRECIOUS BLOOD to cleanse from all sin, to give me perfect confidence toward God, and bring me near in the full assurance of faith that my intercession will be heard.

I believe in the ANOINTING OF THE SPIRIT, coming down daily from Thee, my Great High Priest, to sanctify me, to fill me with the consciousness of my priestly calling, and with love to souls, to teach me what is according to God's will, and how to pray the prayer of faith.

I believe that, as Thou my Lord Jesus art Thyself in all things my life, so Thou, too, art THE SURETY FOR MY PRAYER-LIFE (and wilt Thyself draw me up into the fellowship of Thy wondrous work of intercession).

In this faith I yield myself this day to my God, as one of His appointed priests, to stand before His face to intercede in behalf of sinners, and through Him to bring a blessing to them.

Holy Lord Jesus! accept and seal my consecration. Yea, Lord, do Thou lay Thy hands on me, and Thyself consecrate me to this Thy holy work. And let me have the consciousness that the weakest of Thy saints may be strengthened and used thus of Thee.

Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins IN HIS OWN BLOOD, AND HATH MADE US kings and priests unto God and His Father; TO HIM be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.

Let me close with a quotation from Andrew Murray in his very helpful little book, "With Christ in the School of Prayer." In commenting on our being called, each one of us, to be a priest with God and to offer up constantly spiritual sacrifices, he winds up the chapter with this prayer:

Oh for a passionate passion for souls!

Oh for a pity that yearns!

Oh for the love that loves unto Death,

Oh for the fire that burns!

Oh for the prayer, the power that prevails,

That pours out itself for the lost!

Victorious power in the Conqueror's name

The Lord of Pentecost!